Friday morning

Read an hour of *A Gentleman $ Nest*[37] in my bath, as d'AureviUy used to do.

Faure is asked about the tempo of his *Clair de lune:* "That depends on the voice/* he replies. "When I don't like it, I speed up the movement."

At times I annoy Marcel and disconcert him by my too hasty and as if unconsidered approval. Nothing makes him more wary in regard to me; I should be careful of this.

23 November

It hurts me to write Jammes so flatly. But what else can I do? . . . His nose is no longer susceptible to anything but incense.

Cuverville, 27 November

Croquignole, which I read yesterday, makes *La Turque,* which I am reading today, seem even weaker.[88]

It's a wonderful thought that there is probably not a woman in Paris who, when she is applauding Rostand, does not think she has more taste than the Englishwomen of Elizabeth's time, for example. Every public has the Shakespeare it deserves.

[37] A novel by Ivan Turgenyev,

[38] *Croquignole,* a novel by Charles-Louis Philippe, and *La Turque,* a novel by Eugene Montfort, appeared almost simultaneously in late 1906.